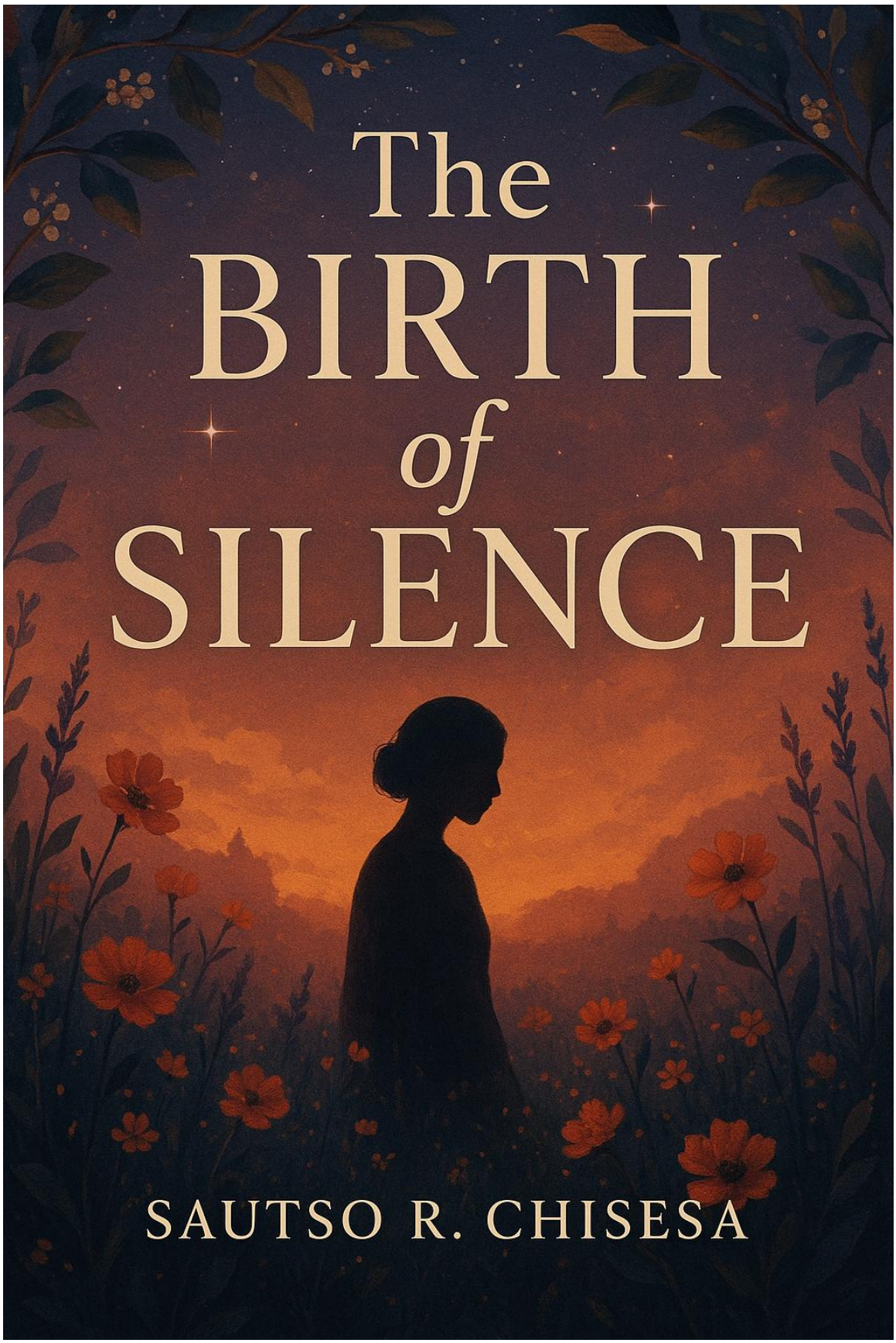
The
BIRTH
of
SILENCE
SAUTSO R. CHISESA

THE BIRTH OF SILENCE

BY SAUTSO R. CHISESA

'LISTEN TO ADVICE AND ACCEPT INSTRUCTION,

THAT YOU MAY GAIN WISDOM IN THE FUTURE'

- PROVERBS 19:20

PREFACE

The birth of Silence is a journey into the quiet heart of existence – a

Reflection on life, love, time, desire, wisdom, and death.

Inspired by the timeless stillness of Tao and the poetic spirit of The Prophet, this book speaks to the soul in whispers, not arguments. It invites the reader to return inward – beyond noise, beyond thought – to the silence place where truth lives.

Each chapter is meditation, mirror, and a prayer. It does not teach what to believe, but reminds what has always been known deep within.

In these pages, silence is not emptiness; it is the source – the birth place of wisdom, peace, and the self that never dies.

This book was written not to be understood by the mind alone, but to be felt by the heart. It is for seekers, wanderers, and those who stand between sound and stillness – longing to remember who they are.

READ SLOWLY,

LET THE WORDS DISSOLVE.

And in the space between them

You will hear what was never lost – The BIRTH Of SILENCE..

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A WORK OF STILLNESS AND SPIRIT

CHAPTER 1: ON BIRTH

Before the first cry, there was listening.
Before the first step, there was the path.

Before the child was born, the soul had already journeyed
Through eternity,
Searching not for life, but for remembrance.

For birth is not the beginning - it is the moment when the
Invisible becomes visible,
When silence takes a breath and calls itself I.

The stars do not remember when they were lit,
Nor the rivers when they first began to flow.
So too does the soul forget its ancient origin,
Until a day arrives when it awakens in the form of man.

On that day, the universe pauses,
And the heavens whisper: The Way has taken shape again.

For every birth is the return of the Eternal -
Another chance for the Infinite to speak through the finite.

The newborn does not come to learn, but to remember.
The eyes that open are not seeing the world for the first time;
They are recognizing what was once known,
Hidden behind the veil of form and time.

So do not say, a life has begun.

Say instead, a silence has remembered itself.

And when you were born,
It was not a new sound the world heard,
But the echo of an ancient stillness
Returning to teach us once more -
That all beginnings are returns,
And all cries are the voices of silence
Finding its way home.

CHAPTER 2: ON SILENCE

Silence is not the absence of sound -
It is the presence of truth.

It does not hide behind words;
Words hide behind it.

In silence, mountains speak,
Rivers remember,
And hearts hear what ears cannot.

Men fear silence because it strips them bare.
In the stillness, the masks of power, pride, and knowledge fall,
And the soul stands naked before its own reflection.

Yet in that nakedness, there is no shame -
For there, the self sees itself as it truly is:
Not a name, not a body, not a history,
But a breath of the Infinite.

Silence is the language of creation.

Before the dawn sang, silence was.
Before the first word, silence dreamed.

And when the last star fades,
Silence will remain -
Watching, breathing, remembering

Those who dwell in silence
Dwell in the house of the Unborn.

For silence does not seek; it is.
It has no desire, no direction, no destination -
Yet all things flow from it
And return to it.

Sit within it, child of dust,
And you will hear the footsteps of eternity.

Speak from it,
And your words will carry the weight of truth.

But speak against it,
And your voice will scatter like leaves in the storm.

When you find silence, you have found yourself.

And when you become silence,
The world will finally understand your song -
For it will not come from your mouth,
But from your being.

For in the end,
It is not noise that fills the universe -
It is the eternal stillness
That listens

CHAPTER 3: ON THE WAY

The Way cannot be seen,
Yet it shows all things.

It cannot be touched,
Yet it touches all that lives.

Men walk upon it daily,
Though few know its name.

The Way is the breath between what was and what shall be –

The quiet thread that joins the seed to the tree,
The wave to the ocean,
The heart to the eternal.

The fool seeks to lead the Way.
The wise allow the Way to lead them.

For the Way moves not by force, but by harmony -
As rivers flow to the sea,
Not because they are driven,
But because they are drawn.

When man resists the Way, he becomes heavy.
His thoughts harden, his steps grow loud,
And his peace withers like a leaf cut from the branch.

But when he yields,

He finds himself carried -
Softly, gently, perfectly -
As if the universe itself were walking through him.

The Way is not a road to be found,
It is a rhythm to be remembered.

It flows through silence,
Breathes through stillness,
And speaks through every unseen moment.

Follow it without knowing where it leads,
And you will not be lost.

For those who walk with the Way
Do not move forward or backward -
They move within.

The Way does not promise comfort;
It promises truth.

To walk it is to surrender -
Not to weakness, but to wisdom.

For what resists breaks,
But what bends endures.

And when the wanderer finally understands,
He will not say, I have reached the Way.
He will whisper, I have become it.

CHAPTER 4: ON DESIRE

Desire is the flame that forgets it is fire.
It burns to possess,
Yet what it seeks was never lost.

The newborn cries for milk,
The grown man cries for gold -
Yet both are the same thirst,
Seeking comfort in form.

Desire is the dance of the restless wind,
Forever chasing the leaves it has just scattered.

It says, I will rest when I have more,
But when it gains, it hungers still.

The world feeds it and calls that progress.
The soul watches it and calls that forgetfulness.

For what the eyes covet, the heart loses.
And what the hands cling to, the spirit cannot hold.

There is a kind of desire that empties,
And another that fills.
The first seeks from fear -
The second flows from love.

The desire of fear says, I am not enough.
The desire of love whispers, Let me give myself away.

To master desire, do not kill it.
To kill it is to kill the wind -
And stillness without breath is death.

Instead, watch it,
Understand it,
Listen to what it truly seeks.

For beneath every wanting lies a wound,
And beneath every wound lies a wisdom -
The remembrance that nothing outside you
Can complete what was never divided.

When the soul awakens, desire becomes prayer.
No longer reaching outward,
But opening inward -
A longing not to own the world,
But to be it.

And when you have come to that still place
Where wanting ends,
You will discover that you have not lost desire -
You have become its peace.
For the highest desire
Is the longing to need NOTHING.

CHAPTER 5: ON LOVE

Love is not the song of the heart -
It is the silence that allows the song to be heard.

It does not speak,
Yet through it all words are born.

The wise do not chase love,
For love is not a thing to be found.

It is the ocean in which all things are already swimming,
Though the fish believes the sea is missing.

Men call love by many names -
Passion, romance, desire, devotion -
Yet these are only ripples upon its surface.

True love is not the touch that excites,
But the presence that remains
When all touching ends.

Love asks for nothing.

The moment it demands, it becomes trade.
The moment it fears, it becomes prison.

For love that seeks reward is a shadow,

And love that clings to possession is a chain.

To love is not to hold,
But to behold.

It is to see another soul
As a mirror of your own -
Neither higher nor lower,
Neither master nor servant,
But one flame reflected in another.

When love is pure, it needs no promise.
It breathes, it gives, it is.

Many speak of falling in love,
But few rise into it.

For to fall in love is to lose oneself in emotion;
To rise in love is to lose the illusion of self.

Love is the eye of the storm,
Where all things spin yet nothing moves.

It is the silent force that bends the stars
And softens the human heart.

Those who have truly loved
No longer fear death -

For they have already died into another.

In love, there is no "you" and "I,"
There is only the endless whisper of unity:
I am what you are.
You are what I am.

And when love has reached its fullness,
It returns to silence -
The silence from which it was born.

For the beginning of love is longing,
But the end of love
Is peace.

CHAPTER 6: ON TIME

Time is the dream of change
In the mind of the changeless.

It moves, yet it does not go.
It passes, yet it remains.

Men divide it with clocks and calendars,
As if they could capture the wind in a cage.

They chase hours as though they were prey,
And mourn years as though they were thieves.

But time steals nothing -
It only reveals what was never yours to keep.

The child says, Tomorrow I will grow.
The elder says, Yesterday I was young.
But the soul says nothing,
For it has never moved.

Birth and death are but two doors
In the same eternal house.

Between them lies no distance,
Only the illusion of a journey.

You say, I am older now.

But who is the "I" that speaks?
The body ages, the face changes,
Yet within you there is something
Untouched by time's hands.

When you dwell in that still center,
You will see that yesterday and tomorrow
Are children of the same SILENCE
That the past is only memory breathing,
And the future, imagination's echo.

The wise do not try to master time;
They master their presence within it.

For he who lives fully in one moment
Lives in all moments.

To be awake in the present
Is to be eternal.

When your mind no longer counts the seconds,
Your heart will begin to feel the infinite.

And when you reach that stillness
Where time bows to silence,
You will know:

You were never passing through time -
Time was passing through you.

For time is not your master,
But your mirror -
Showing you how eternity dreams of motion.

CHAPTER 7: ON THE SELF

The self is a shadow in the light,
A mask worn by the soul to play its part.

You call yourself I,
Yet I is only a word,
A river of labels, memories, and thoughts.

Look into the mirror of silence,
And you will see that the face that stares back
Is not you -
It is a passing reflection of the world.

The body dies, the mind forgets,
Yet there is a witness that neither moves nor changes.

That witness is the Self.
It is not born, nor will it die.
It does not cling, does not flee, DOES not judge.

Many wander in search of themselves,
As if they were lost in foreign lands.

But to find the Self is not to travel -
It is to stop moving,
To listen to the silent song beneath thought,
To recognize the eternal in the fleeting.

The Self is not separate from the world -
It is the world,
Flowing in quiet rhythm through every leaf, every breath, EVERY heart.

When the mind ceases to claim ownership,
The Self flows freely,
Uniting all things in the one song
That has no name.

You are not the thoughts that pass through you,
Nor the body that houses them.
You are the silent witness,
The calm sky behind the clouds,
The stillness that carries all storms.

To meet the Self is to meet the universe
Within a single heartbeat.

And when you know this,
The illusion of separateness fades -

Leaving only one truth:

There is no other, there is only this

CHAPTER 9: ON DEATH

Death is not the closing of the door,
But the opening of the sky.

It does not take life away;
It returns life to the source from which it came.

Men fear it because they cling to form,
Yet the soul was never bound by shape.

The body crumbles, the mind forgets,
Yet the Self remains, untouched and infinite.

Do not say, I will die.
Say instead, I will return.

For death is the gentle tide
That carries the leaf back to the river,
The river back to the ocean,
The soul back to the silence from which it was born.

Life is a journey of sound,
Death a journey of silence.

The two are not enemies;
They are partners in the dance of being.

Those who have truly lived
Do not resist death.
They do not cling to the fleeting,
Nor mourn what passes.

For they have known the eternal
Within each heartbeat,
And understand that endings are only beginnings in disguise.

Fear not the shadow that approaches,
For it is the hand of the unseen,
Guiding you gently toward the light you have always been.

To die is not to vanish -
It is to remember the Way,
To become the silence once more,
And to whisper back into the universe
What was spoken in the first breath -
I am, and I return.

CHAPTER 10: ON SILENCE REBORN

Silence is not the absence of life,
But its truest form.

Every birth, every desire, every joy, every sorrow
Flows from it and returns to it.

You began as silence,
You walked the paths of the world,
You laughed, you cried, you loved, you feared -
And now you return,
Richer, quieter, deeper.

To be reborn in silence is to remember
That the soul was never lost,
Only distracted.

The wind does not forget the mountain,
The river does not forget the sea,
And the soul does not forget the eternal.

All the chapters of life - birth, love, desire, time, self,
Wisdom, death -
Are but breaths of silence
Taking form to know itself.

In this rebirth, you are free of expectation,

Free of longing,
Free of fear.

You are no longer a wanderer,
Nor a seeker,
Nor a teacher.

You are silence itself -
Unbroken, unending,
Whole.

The universe speaks in whispers;
The stars hum in quiet rhythm;
The soul remembers its song.

And in this remembering,
You understand the greatest truth:

The birth of silence is the birth of everything.

Life flows, life returns,
And all that was scattered
Comes together in the stillness of being.

You are the silence reborn,
And in your rebirth,
All things are born again

ABOUT AN AUTHOR

Sautso R. Chisesa is a Malawian philosopher, Writer, and Visionary thinker.

His writings explore the inner life of the soul – purpose, truth, and awakening –

Guiding readers toward peace and inner transformation.

The birth of silence, written on his birthday, 3 November, marks not only the beginning of a book,

But the continuation of a lifelong journey to awaken wisdom in a noisy world.

He believes that silence is not emptiness, but the language of the eternal.

'In Silence, All things are born – and to silence, all things return' –
Sautso R. Chisesa

THE END

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and to silence, all things return.

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